

Shelby will soon have a cotton seed oil mill.

An increase of yellow fever is reported in Texas.

Five stores were burned at Rockingham last week.

Corn in Kansas is said to be ten feet high and only tasseling.

C. Dowd has been re-nominated for Congress in the 6th district.

The London News pays \$2,500 a day for special telegrams from Egypt.

Dr. Courts, of Reidsville, has a crop of tobacco consisting of 425,000 hills.

The first bale of new cotton from Mississippi has been received at New Orleans.

Gen. B. F. Butler has been nominated by the Greenbackers for Governor of Massachusetts.

A monument to that rarely gifted orator, the late Rev. Dr. Numa P. Reid, has been erected by his sons.

Alexander Hicks, Jr., colored, is a county commissioner in the Democratic county of Washington, says the Raleigh Times.

The Republicans of Buncombe and Marshall in convention assembled refused to have anything to do with the coalition.

The first bale of North Carolina cotton crop cotton was received Saturday in Wilmington. It was raised by M. M. McKinnon of Laurensburg.

Bonitz Hotel, Goldsboro, will soon be finished and ready for the reception of guests. It will be one of the handsomest hotels in the State.

In Macon, Ga., the colored people purchase on \$90,000 worth of property. In Bibb county they own four thousand acres of land, worth \$10,000.

Some of our soldiers in Colorado have been teaching a white man.

It is strange they don't sense their courage up to the point of killing an Indian.

And still another. This time it is in Providence, Rhode Island, and his name is Henry J. Hall. He, too, was a teller, and the sum he took was \$21,000.

The lawyers of Indiana, after mature deliberation, have decided that an attorney's duty to his client does not require him to commit a felony under any circumstances.

The Baltimore Sun suggests that the merchants of that city take steps to have its industries represented at the North Carolina State Fair. Norfolk will be on hand.

Chairman of county committees are requested to forward at once to J. J. Litchford, Secretary, Raleigh, N. C., a complete list of the names of the executive committee for each county.

The Newbern Journal, comes out to Maj. John Hughes, of Craven, for Congress in this district. It thinks it possible for a Democrat to squeeze in between Hubbs and O'Hara.

Prof. Joshua W. Gore, of C. E., of Virginia, has been elected Professor of Natural Philosophy and Engineering in the place of Prof. C. D. Grandy resigned, in the State University.

The situation in Egypt continues unchanged. The overflow of the Nile will impede Sir Garnet Wolseley's progress and may give Arabi Pasha an advantage that cannot soon be overcome.

The Republicans of Chowan county nominated a negro for the Legislature, which was so disastrous to some of the white Republicans that they got out a new ticket. "I'll be ever there."

Another unfaithful bank cashier has turned up. This time it is in Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, and it is Cashier Craft of the Exchange Bank. He was modest. He only gobbled up \$67,000.

J. H. Emis and Son, of Raleigh, will shortly begin the publication of an agricultural weekly to be known as the Southern Farmer. It will be an illustrated journal devoted to agriculture and bees.

Mr. T. C. Williams, of Warrenton, has been elected by the Executive Committee of the North Carolina Agricultural Society to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Maj. W. B. Gillette, Secretary.

There is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His combsmen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of everything, and at all ceremonial occasions takes precedence.

What is a liar? A liar is a man who tells you what the weather is going to be to-morrow and the next day. At first he was called a prophet, but they've got him down to four letters now and call him a liar.

The Newbern Journal says that there was a kissing race on Wednesday night between a young lady and gentleman at a social at the Middle street. The lady won, scoring 498 to 496. "Honey in the Gourd!"

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY SEPT. 1, 1882.

NO. 33

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Inch, One Insertion, \$1.00 One Month, 2.00 Three Months, 5.00 Six Months, 8.00 One Year, 15.00

Liberal Discounts will be Made for Large Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year. Cash must accompany all Advertisements, unless good reference is given.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

At Set of Sun.

BY ELIZ WHEELER. If we sit down at set of sun, And count the things that we have done, And counting find, And counting find, That count the heart of him who heard, That tell us something where it went, Then we are glad to have it done.

How, James K. Polk became a member of the Church.—The Rev. W. C. Randolph, pastor of the Spence street church, North Carolina Methodist church of this city, contributes the following incident to the press:

In the year 1833 a young Methodist itinerant preached at a camp meeting near Columbia, in Tennessee, from the text "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the congregation was a young man, who was rapidly coming into public notice, having already been elected to the State Legislature and the National Congress.

As time rolled on, the one became a noted preacher, and an able confectioner officer, known and honored throughout the bounds of his denomination; the other advanced in a political career till his name was familiar not only in the remotest corners of this land, but he was respected everywhere in the civilized world.

Sixteen years had elapsed since the camp meeting, when Elijah, the body servant of the statesman, was sent to request the preacher to call on his master, who was at home quite ill. "Doctor," said Elijah, "do you know why my master thinks so much of you?" The minister replied: "We have been good friends for a number of years; we are both Democrats; but I do not know any special reason why he should be attached to me." "It is," said Elijah, "because of the sermon at that camp meeting." When the doctor advised he found the pastor of his friend's wife, who was and is now a member of the Presbyterian Church, and going together to the room of the sick, they learned that they had been called for religious conversation. During the visit the dying man expressed the following sentiment: "I believe in Jesus Christ; I trust in him alone for salvation. I wish to acknowledge him as my Savior. I am a Methodist, but from the pressure of public duties I have neglected to join the church. I do not wish to join the church. I would prefer acknowledging Christ in the public congregation; in view of what he has done for me, that is all the more for me to do to him. I may seem a little cowardly, for me to unite with the church in private. I should prefer doing it in public, but I may not recover." He was assured that his desire for membership in the church and its ordinances should be gratified.

A few days later the symptoms became more alarming, and but slight hopes of recovery were entertained. The Methodist preacher was again summoned. Among the persons present were the pastors of the man's mother and wife, both Presbyterians, and a colored brother and sister, and a colored nurse, still living. In the presence of these friends that eminent man acknowledged his dependence on Christ alone for salvation, was baptized by the itinerant, who had been heard with delight and profit in 1833, joined the church, and partook of the holy communion.

Not many days after the same minister was called on to perform the last sad rites. The body was laid to rest in the beautiful lawn of his spacious mansion, near the capitol of his adopted State. Every tomb has been erected a dome canopy, under which is a block of gray marble. The following is part of the epitaph:

JAMES KNOX POLK, 18th President of the U. S., Born Nov. 17th, 1795, died Oct. 12th, 1845. He was born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., and emigrated with his father to Tennessee. The lady of status. The excellence of his character. He was a man of high moral character, and a devoted patriot.

The preacher was J. B. McFerrin, D. D., the present venerable and efficient agent of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, from whose lips the above facts were gathered.—Nashville Enquirer.

ONE DANCE MORE.—When Moscow was burning, there was a party dancing in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine. They did not know that the flame was approaching; so the leader of the festivity shouted, "One dance more!" and the crowd was taken up through the palace and the music was played, and the feet bounded and the laughter rang out; but suddenly the fire and smoke and the number of the explosion utterly broke. All the company will dance on in their sins, and their frivolities, and their worldliness, until in an hour when they know not eternity breaks in and they are destroyed, and that with out remedy.—Sprenger.

Gave instantaneously relief. St. Jacobs Oil Neutralized the Acety. —St. Louis Post Dispatch.

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

The Weeks' Wealth of Near News Gathered by Our Reporters and Neatly Nipped from our Numerous Neighbors.

Rocky Mount will shortly have two more bar-rooms.

The Rocky Mount Reporter says that dwelling houses are in demand.

Goldsboro had a bale of new cotton Friday raised by W. J. Warters of La Grange.

Sampson county people picked at Newton Grove Academy, Saturday, Aug. 12th.

There will be a picnic at the residence of R. W. Stallings in Nash county, Sept. 8th.

Fred Loftin, Esq., who was the most bitter democrat in Lenoir county has joined the liberals.

Mr. Colin McNair, a former merchant in Louisburg, says the Times.

Wilson believes in woman's rights. It has a female blacksmith, barber, post-mistress and telegraph operator. Also a female shoe-maker.—Tarboro Guide.

The Tarboro Guide says that Preston Mizell, a young man, died near Williamston, Martin county, from the effects of a dog bite, received last June. He was taken sick week before last and died Friday.

Maj. Latham met Price and Leach Liberals, at Greensville, Saturday, and report says gave them the same kind of a dose as Insbee administered in Wilson. Monday he met them again at Washington.

The Rocky Mount Reporter says that while wrestling with another colored boy last Tuesday evening Haywood Parker, aged about 16 years, son of Arch Parker, one of the depot hands, got his right leg broken between the ankle and knee.

At the Johnson county Democratic nominating convention held Aug. 19th, the following excellent ticket was nominated, Senate—Wm. Richardson; House—Henry M. Johnson and Jesse D. Brown; Sheriff—Wm. Hinant; Probate Judge and Clerk—L. R. Waddell; Register of Deeds—R. D. Lamerford; Treasurer—S. R. Morgan; Coroner—Dr. R. J. Noble; Surveyor—W. H. Lambeth. After the convention adjourned Gen. Cox made a telling speech.

The Tarboro Guide tells of a novel plan Mr. H. H. Tell of Edgecombe has struck on to secure and control labor. He contends that there is not enough amusement for the laboring class, and will in a short time erect a dance hall at his farm, 90 feet long. It will be located over Cabin Branch, and once a month he proposes to give his laborers a big dance and furnish them with music and lemonade. When he gets this hall in use there will be no doubt of his having lots of people to work for him.

The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a merry round faced farmer, so independent and yet so free from vanity and pride; so rich and yet in distress; so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, so sociable and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. Eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some people I know will; you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation; it is not so with everybody. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low and under-handed cunning than many I could name. He gives to society its best support, its firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government. He is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and grey; laugh at him if you will, but believe he can laugh back at you if he pleases.

A Murderer Arrested.

John Howard was arrested at Magnolia Wednesday night on a charge of murder, and waiving an examination was committed to Duplin Jail. He is charged with killing of Joe Daniels, colored, at Duplin roads on Christmas day, 1878. There had been some trouble between Daniels and Howard, and Daniels had stricken Howard two or three blows when his hand clinched. Howard ran his hand in his pocket, and taking out his knife, stabbed Daniels two or three times. The wounded man lived for eight or nine days and died from the effects of the wounds. When he died Howard left home and went to South Carolina where he has been up to three weeks ago, when he returned to this State to visit his parents near Magnolia. He had made his visit and was on the eve of starting back to South Carolina when he was arrested. His actions indicated that he was guilty, and when arrested he looked very much worried and talked but little. He finally made in self defense the above statement of the case. He said, as the cause of the cutting that Daniels had threatened his life, and that he was afraid of him and cut him in self defense.—Wilmington Review

Colton Stems for Cattle Food.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has found a new element of value in the cotton crop, and one which promises to materially advance the prosperity of South farmers. It appears that for each bale of cotton there are 1,500 pounds of stems, which are very rich in phosphates of lime and potash. When a pound and a half of this material is mixed with a pound of cotton seed meal (which is rich for use as fodder in large quantities), the stem mixture makes a superior cattle food, rich in all the elements needed for the raising of stock, by furnishing a substitute for grain, which now has to be brought from the West for stock feeding.

Christianity, of Philadelphia, observe M. J. John McGrath, 1236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

HOW TO MANAGE THE

AN ESSAY READ BY THE BATTLE OF WHITAKER'S MEETING OF THE PROGRESSORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE EASTERN AGRICULTURAL AND RURAL ASSOCIATION, SAT. AUG. 26TH, 1882.

Mr. President and Gentlemen.

Our ancestors occupying sparsely of numbers, giving the benefits of a selection most fertile soil in its richness for stock, affording a range for cattle, abundant logs, woods abounding in waters teeming with fish, these the cause to concern themselves about methods of conducting a farm. But times have changed, and although our population dense as compared with those of our forefathers, yet it has been so, and our wants have increased while the natural fertility of the soil has been exhausted by the convening of the soil, and the Executive Committee of this Association to discuss a subject "How best to manage a farm as an auspicious day for your Association, and its community at large, if we cannot do so much hope we may have a interchange of views on this subject. It is in furtherance of this President, that has prompted the following suggestions:

1. "Kiss Me Softly, and Speak to Me Low."

There is a story told of an old Scotch deacon who courted a girl for a good many years, but never found courage enough to ask her to marry. One day after he had been "keepin' company" for about ten years, he ventured to solicit a kiss.

"Let me first ask a blessing," said he, and, falling upon his knees, he implored the Divine benediction.

He next with due circumspection and Scotch deliberation, possessed himself of a kiss, when, with a sounding smack, he exclaimed, "Oh woman, but it was good! Let me give thanks!"

"That prince of good fellows, John of Saxe, has addressed this to the missing literature:

"Give me kisses—all is waste— Save the luxury of the taste. And for kissing—kisses live— Only when we take and give."

Kiss me, then, Every moment and again.

There are poetic kisses and Platonic kisses—such as the beautiful Madame Recamier gave to Chateaubriand; there are historic kisses—such as those recorded in the book of Genesis; spiritual kisses—such as Solomon tells us about, and teacher's kisses, that betray.

And the just tender slips But it strikes a sullen chord And a kiss upon the lips "Oh! that wretch that sold his Lovel!"

What is the sweetest kiss in the world? Who can tell? Passion parts a sting into its kisses—love is selfish—duty cold. The kisses of friendship are mere compliments. The kiss of reconciliation between those who love truly should be the sweetest of all kisses. There is a kiss that is the embodiment of purity, innocence, and tender trust—love. It is fluttering clinging, rosebud kisses, that leaves a memory as pure and loving as itself; it is the baby's kiss.

"Miss Mary, quite contrary. How does the baby grow? Colic spells, and ear-lice shells. And kisses from top to toe."

It is upon the baby's kisses that the heart of the mother lives. Oh, the little ones that have been laid away baptized with tears and kisses! the kisses that were given not back again, and yet which were so dear—so dear.

"Dear, as remembered kisses after death," says Tennyson.

There is a pretty legend that Christ had a dimple in his chin, laid there by an angel's kiss, and whoever he kissed would surely be entitled to dimple, so the German says of one who has a dimpled chin, "She is Christ-kissed."

The kiss of respect is given upon the forehead; that of admiration upon the eye; that of beauty upon the cheek. The kiss of love is given upon the lips.

It is said that men do not waste kisses upon each other when they can do so much better; but in every other chapter in the Bible some old patriarch falls upon the neck of another old patriarch and kisses him, and the father of the prodigal son and kissed him, and Henry Word Beecher kissed Theodore Tilton, and however distasteful it may be men do kiss each other at the present time when they meet after long absence and are closely related, or have a David and Jonathan sort of friendship for each other.

The late Princess Alice, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and

LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY SEPT. 1, 1882.

NO. 33

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

At Set of Sun.

BY ELIZ WHEELER. If we sit down at set of sun, And count the things that we have done, And counting find, And counting find, That count the heart of him who heard, That tell us something where it went, Then we are glad to have it done.

How, James K. Polk became a member of the Church.—The Rev. W. C. Randolph, pastor of the Spence street church, North Carolina Methodist church of this city, contributes the following incident to the press:

In the year 1833 a young Methodist itinerant preached at a camp meeting near Columbia, in Tennessee, from the text "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the congregation was a young man, who was rapidly coming into public notice, having already been elected to the State Legislature and the National Congress.

As time rolled on, the one became a noted preacher, and an able confectioner officer, known and honored throughout the bounds of his denomination; the other advanced in a political career till his name was familiar not only in the remotest corners of this land, but he was respected everywhere in the civilized world.

Sixteen years had elapsed since the camp meeting, when Elijah, the body servant of the statesman, was sent to request the preacher to call on his master, who was at home quite ill. "Doctor," said Elijah, "do you know why my master thinks so much of you?" The minister replied: "We have been good friends for a number of years; we are both Democrats; but I do not know any special reason why he should be attached to me." "It is," said Elijah, "because of the sermon at that camp meeting." When the doctor advised he found the pastor of his friend's wife, who was and is now a member of the Presbyterian Church, and going together to the room of the sick, they learned that they had been called for religious conversation. During the visit the dying man expressed the following sentiment: "I believe in Jesus Christ; I trust in him alone for salvation. I wish to acknowledge him as my Savior. I am a Methodist, but from the pressure of public duties I have neglected to join the church. I do not wish to join the church. I would prefer acknowledging Christ in the public congregation; in view of what he has done for me, that is all the more for me to do to him. I may seem a little cowardly, for me to unite with the church in private. I should prefer doing it in public, but I may not recover." He was assured that his desire for membership in the church and its ordinances should be gratified.

A few days later the symptoms became more alarming, and but slight hopes of recovery were entertained. The Methodist preacher was again summoned. Among the persons present were the pastors of the man's mother and wife, both Presbyterians, and a colored brother and sister, and a colored nurse, still living. In the presence of these friends that eminent man acknowledged his dependence on Christ alone for salvation, was baptized by the itinerant, who had been heard with delight and profit in 1833, joined the church, and partook of the holy communion.

Not many days after the same minister was called on to perform the last sad rites. The body was laid to rest in the beautiful lawn of his spacious mansion, near the capitol of his adopted State. Every tomb has been erected a dome canopy, under which is a block of gray marble. The following is part of the epitaph:

JAMES KNOX POLK, 18th President of the U. S., Born Nov. 17th, 1795, died Oct. 12th, 1845. He was born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., and emigrated with his father to Tennessee. The lady of status. The excellence of his character. He was a man of high moral character, and a devoted patriot.

The preacher was J. B. McFerrin, D. D., the present venerable and efficient agent of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, from whose lips the above facts were gathered.—Nashville Enquirer.

ONE DANCE MORE.—When Moscow was burning, there was a party dancing in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine. They did not know that the flame was approaching; so the leader of the festivity shouted, "One dance more!" and the crowd was taken up through the palace and the music was played, and the feet bounded and the laughter rang out; but suddenly the fire and smoke and the number of the explosion utterly broke. All the company will dance on in their sins, and their frivolities, and their worldliness, until in an hour when they know not eternity breaks in and they are destroyed, and that with out remedy.—Sprenger.

Gave instantaneously relief. St. Jacobs Oil Neutralized the Acety. —St. Louis Post Dispatch.

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

The Weeks' Wealth of Near News Gathered by Our Reporters and Neatly Nipped from our Numerous Neighbors.

Rocky Mount will shortly have two more bar-rooms.

The Rocky Mount Reporter says that dwelling houses are in demand.

Goldsboro had a bale of new cotton Friday raised by W. J. Warters of La Grange.

Sampson county people picked at Newton Grove Academy, Saturday, Aug. 12th.

There will be a picnic at the residence of R. W. Stallings in Nash county, Sept. 8th.

Fred Loftin, Esq., who was the most bitter democrat in Lenoir county has joined the liberals.

Mr. Colin McNair, a former merchant in Louisburg, says the Times.

Wilson believes in woman's rights. It has a female blacksmith, barber, post-mistress and telegraph operator. Also a female shoe-maker.—Tarboro Guide.

The Tarboro Guide says that Preston Mizell, a young man, died near Williamston, Martin county, from the effects of a dog bite, received last June. He was taken sick week before last and died Friday.

Maj. Latham met Price and Leach Liberals, at Greensville, Saturday, and report says gave them the same kind of a dose as Insbee administered in Wilson. Monday he met them again at Washington.

The Rocky Mount Reporter says that while wrestling with another colored boy last Tuesday evening Haywood Parker, aged about 16 years, son of Arch Parker, one of the depot hands, got his right leg broken between the ankle and knee.

At the Johnson county Democratic nominating convention held Aug. 19th, the following excellent ticket was nominated, Senate—Wm. Richardson; House—Henry M. Johnson and Jesse D. Brown; Sheriff—Wm. Hinant; Probate Judge and Clerk—L. R. Waddell; Register of Deeds—R. D. Lamerford; Treasurer—S. R. Morgan; Coroner—Dr. R. J. Noble; Surveyor—W. H. Lambeth. After the convention adjourned Gen. Cox made a telling speech.

The Tarboro Guide tells of a novel plan Mr. H. H. Tell of Edgecombe has struck on to secure and control labor. He contends that there is not enough amusement for the laboring class, and will in a short time erect a dance hall at his farm, 90 feet long. It will be located over Cabin Branch, and once a month he proposes to give his laborers a big dance and furnish them with music and lemonade. When he gets this hall in use there will be no doubt of his having lots of people to work for him.

The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a merry round faced farmer, so independent and yet so free from vanity and pride; so rich and yet in distress; so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, so sociable and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. Eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some people I know will; you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation; it is not so with everybody. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low and under-handed cunning than many I could name. He gives to society its best support, its firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government. He is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and grey; laugh at him if you will, but believe he can laugh back at you if he pleases.

A Murderer Arrested.

John Howard was arrested at Magnolia Wednesday night on a charge of murder, and waiving an examination was committed to Duplin Jail. He is charged with killing of Joe Daniels, colored, at Duplin roads on Christmas day, 1878. There had been some trouble between Daniels and Howard, and Daniels had stricken Howard two or three blows when his hand clinched. Howard ran his hand in his pocket, and taking out his knife, stabbed Daniels two or three times. The wounded man lived for eight or nine days and died from the effects of the wounds. When he died Howard left home and went to South Carolina where he has been up to three weeks ago, when he returned to this State to visit his parents near Magnolia. He had made his visit and was on the eve of starting back to South Carolina when he was arrested. His actions indicated that he was guilty, and when arrested he looked very much worried and talked but little. He finally made in self defense the above statement of the case. He said, as the cause of the cutting that Daniels had threatened his life, and that he was afraid of him and cut him in self defense.—Wilmington Review

Colton Stems for Cattle Food.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has found a new element of value in the cotton crop, and one which promises to materially advance the prosperity of South farmers. It appears that for each bale of cotton there are 1,500 pounds of stems, which are very rich in phosphates of lime and potash. When a pound and a half of this material is mixed with a pound of cotton seed meal (which is rich for use as fodder in large quantities), the stem mixture makes a superior cattle food, rich in all the elements needed for the raising of stock, by furnishing a substitute for grain, which now has to be brought from the West for stock feeding.

Christianity, of Philadelphia, observe M. J. John McGrath, 1236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

HOW TO MANAGE THE

AN ESSAY READ BY THE BATTLE OF WHITAKER'S MEETING OF THE PROGRESSORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE EASTERN AGRICULTURAL AND RURAL ASSOCIATION, SAT. AUG. 26TH, 1882.

Mr. President and Gentlemen.

Our ancestors occupying sparsely of numbers, giving the benefits of a selection most fertile soil in its richness for stock, affording a range for cattle, abundant logs, woods abounding in waters teeming with fish, these the cause to concern themselves about methods of conducting a farm. But times have changed, and although our population dense as compared with those of our forefathers, yet it has been so, and our wants have increased while the natural fertility of the soil has been exhausted by the convening of the soil, and the Executive Committee of this Association to discuss a subject "How best to manage a farm as an auspicious day for your Association, and its community at large, if we cannot do so much hope we may have a interchange of views on this subject. It is in furtherance of this President, that has prompted the following suggestions:

1. "Kiss Me Softly, and Speak to Me Low."

There is a story told of an old Scotch deacon who courted a girl for a good many years, but never found courage enough to ask her to marry. One day after he had been "keepin' company" for about ten years, he ventured to solicit a kiss.

"Let me first ask a blessing," said he, and, falling upon his knees, he implored the Divine benediction.

He next with due circumspection and Scotch deliberation, possessed himself of a kiss, when, with a sounding smack, he exclaimed, "Oh woman, but it was good! Let me give thanks!"

"That prince of good fellows, John of Saxe, has addressed this to the missing literature:

"Give me kisses—all is waste— Save the luxury of the taste. And for kissing—kisses live— Only when we take and give."

Kiss me, then, Every moment and again.

There are poetic kisses and Platonic kisses—such as the beautiful Madame Recamier gave to Chateaubriand; there are historic kisses—such as those recorded in the book of Genesis; spiritual kisses—such as Solomon tells us about, and teacher's kisses, that betray.

And the just tender slips But it strikes a sullen chord And a kiss upon the lips "Oh! that wretch that sold his Lovel!"

What is the sweetest kiss in the world? Who can tell? Passion parts a sting into its kisses—love is selfish—duty cold. The kisses of friendship are mere compliments. The kiss of reconciliation between those who love truly should be the sweetest of all kisses. There is a kiss that is the embodiment of purity, innocence, and tender trust—love. It is fluttering clinging, rosebud kisses, that leaves a memory as pure and loving as itself; it is the baby's kiss.

"Miss Mary, quite contrary. How does the baby grow? Colic spells, and ear-lice shells. And kisses from top to toe."

It is upon the baby's kisses that the heart of the mother lives. Oh, the little ones that have been laid away baptized with tears and kisses! the kisses that were given not back again, and yet which were so dear—so dear.